

# OWES HER LIFE TO

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and she told me what to do. After some time ago I had a blood purifier I am today a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM A. BROWN, 888 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and today holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaint, including indigestion, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, irregular menstruation, nervous prostration, and every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

## HOTNESS HAD TO OWN UP

Domestic Secret Disclosed When the Guests Could Not Be Served With Pie.

She was a woman of resource and ability and when her husband arrived for dinner with an unexpected guest she thought she had better make up her mind to meet the fact that she had but one piece of pie in the house and had intended her husband should have that.

She instructed him that when she sent to the kitchen for dessert he was to say he could not possibly eat any more than he had eaten and then the pie could be brought to her guest without his surmising that there was but one piece in the house.

This might have worked out all right if the pie had not been so exceedingly good and her husband had not known this because he had it for dinner the day before.

When the maid cleared away the dinner dishes the master of the house said he had no room for dessert.

The guest said he felt the same way. Then, when the master thought it was safe to do so, he changed his mind and said after all he guessed he would take dessert. The pie was brought. When it was half eaten the guest said it looked so good he thought he, too, would indulge.

"No, you won't," said the hostess, and she told the tale of the pie.

## Keeping It Dry.

An old woman of a wealthy New Jersey family was going visiting. The coachman, who had not been in this country long, had just been equipped with a new uniform and a new silk hat. Before they had gone far it began to sprinkle, and the old woman told the coachman to fasten down the side curtains of the wagonette.

He drove up to a hitching post beside the road and, dismounting, hung his new hat on the post, and began to fasten the curtains.

The old woman noticed his bare head and asked him where his hat was.

"Oh, took it off me head, mum, so as it wouldn't get wet," the coachman replied.

## Another Tradition Exploded.

Two Englishmen were resting at the "Red Horse Inn" at Stratford-on-Avon. One of them discovered a print picture of a tumbling building under a tree which was inscribed: "The House in Which Shakespeare Was Born."

Turning to his friend in mild surprise he pointed to the print. His friend exhibited equal surprise, and called a waiter, who assured them of the accuracy of the inscription.

"Pon my word," said the observing Englishman, shaking his head doubtfully, "I thought he was born in a manger!"—Success Magazine.

## Advice.

"Doctor," called little Bingle, over his telephone, "my wife has lost her voice. What the dickens shall I do?"

"Why," said the doctor gravely, "if I were you I'd remember the fact when Thanksgiving day comes around, and act accordingly."

Whereupon the doctor chuckled as he charged little Bingle \$2 for professional services.—Harper's Weekly.

## At the Shore.

Polly—I wonder how Cholly manages to keep that wide-brimmed straw on in a wind like this.

Dolly—Vacuum pressure.—Judge.

## Convenient For Any Meal Post Toasties

Are always ready to serve right from the box with the addition of cream or milk.

Especially pleasing with berries or fresh fruit.

Delicious, wholesome, economical food which saves a lot of cooking in hot weather.

"The Memory Lingers"

POSTUM CEREAL CO., Ltd. Battle Creek, Mich.

# THE QUICKENING

BY FRANCIS LYNDE

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## CHAPTER XIV.—(Continued.)

The hands of his watch were pointing to 3 o'clock the following morning when Tom made his way through the throng in the Grand Central station and found a cab. The sailing hour of the Baltic was 10, and he picked his cabman accordingly.

"I shall want you for a couple of hours, and it's double fare if you don't miss 211 Broadway, first," was his flip for the driver and he was speedily rattling away to the downtown address.

The taking of the cab was his first mistake, and he discovered it before he had gone very far. Time was precious, and the horse, pushed to the police limit, was too slow. Tom signalled his Irishman.

"Get me over to the Elevated, and then go to Madison Square and wait for me," he ordered; and by this change of conveyance he obtained his rail and won back to the Fifth Avenue Hotel by late breakfast time.

From that on, luck was with him. The Farley family, who were in the lobby of the hotel, waiting for the others to come down to the cafe breakfast, Tom saw them, confronted them, and went at things very concisely.

"I have come all the way from Boston to ask for a few minutes of your time, Mr. Farley," he said to the president. "Will you give it to me now?"

"Surely!" was the genial reply, and the promoter signed to his son and drew apart with the importunate one.

"Well, go on, my boy; what can I do for you at this last American moment?"—some message from your good father?

"No," said Tom, shortly; "it's from me, individually. You know what shape you have left things at home; they've got to be stood on their feet before you go aboard the Baltic."

"What's this—what's this? Why, my dear young man, what can be possibly meant?"—this in buttered tones of the gentlest expostulation.

"I mean just about what I say. You have smashed Chiawasse Consolidated, and now you are going off to leave my father to hold the bag. Or, rather, I should say, you are taking the bag with you."

"Why, Thomas—you must be losing your mind! You've—You've been studying too hard; that's it—the term work up there in Boston has been too much for you."

"Cut it out, Mr. Farley," said Tom, savagely, all the Gordon fighting blood singing in his veins. "You've got a job to do, and it is going to be done before you leave America. Will you talk straight business, or not?"

"And if I decline to discuss business matters with a rude school-boy?" he intimated mildly.

"Then it will be rather the worse for you," was the defiant rejoinder. "Acting for my father and the minority stockholders, I shall try to have you and your son held in America, pending an expert examination of the company's affairs."

"It was a long shot, with a thousand chances of missing. If there was anything criminal in the Farley administration, the evidences were doubtless well known to you. But Tom, looking deep into the shifty blue eyes of his antagonist when he fired, and he saw that he had not wholly missed. None the less, the president attempted to carry it off lightly.

"What do you think of this, Vincent?" he said, turning to his son. "Here is Tom Gordon—our Tom—looking wild with indignation and arrests, and I don't know what all. Shall we give him his breakfast and send him back to school?"

Tom cut in quickly before Vincent could make a reply.

"If you're sparing to gain time, it's no use, Mr. Farley. I mean what I say, and I mean to do it. You've tried another long shot; it's no use. You must turn over the control of Chiawasse Consolidated, legally and formally, to my father before you go aboard the Baltic, or—You don't go aboard!"

"Let me understand," said the treasurer, cutting in. "Are you accusing us of crime?"

"Tom will find out what the accusation is, later on," said Tom, taking yet another cartridge from his long-range box. "What I want now is a plain, straightforward yes or no. If either of you is capable of saying it."

The president took his son aside.

"Do you suppose Dyckman has been talking too much to be asked, hurriedly, Vincent's head?"

"You can't tell. It looks a little rocky. Of course, we had a right to do as we pleased with our own, but we don't want to have an unfriendly construction put on things."

"But they can't do anything," protested the president. "Why, I'd be ready to turn over my private papers, if they were asked for."

"Yes, of course. But there would be no construction. There is that exact with the combination, for example; we had a right to manipulate things so we'd have to close down, and it might not transpire that we made money here, time was short, and there'd be no end of a row. Then there is another thing; there is somebody behind this who is bigger than the old soldier or this young football tough. It's too nicely timed."

"But you wouldn't turn the property over to Gordon would you?"

The younger man's smile was a mere contortion of the lips. "It's a sucked orange," he said. "Let the old man have it. He may work a miracle of some sort and pull out alive. I should call it a snap, and take him up too quick. If he wins out, so much the better for the combination, for example, why, we left the property entirely in his hands, and he smashed it. Don't you see the beauty of it?"

The president winked short on Tom.

"What you may think you are extorting, my dear boy, you are going to get through sheer good-will and a desire to give your father every chance in this world," he said, blandly. "We discussed the plan of electing him vice president, with power to act, before we left Boston, but there seemed to be some objections. We are willing to give him full control—and this altogether apart from any foolish threats you have seen fit to make. Bring your legal counsel to Room 327 after breakfast and we will go through the formalities. Are you satisfied?"

"I shall be a lot better satisfied after I see the fact," said Tom, bluntly; and he turned away to avoid meeting Major Dabney and the ladies, who were coming from the elevator to join the two early risers. He had seen next to nothing of Ardea during the three Boston years, and would willingly have seen more. But the new manhood was warning him that time was short, and that he must not mix business with sentiment. So Ardea saw nothing but his back, which, curiously enough, she failed to recognize.

Picking up his cab at the curb, Tom had himself driven quickly to the office of the corporation lawyer whose name he had obtained from Mr. Clark.

son the day before, and with whom he had made a wire appointment before leaving Boston. The attorney was waiting for him, and Tom stated the case succinctly, adding a brief of the interview which had just taken place at the hotel.

"You say they agreed to your proposal?" observed the lawyer. "Did Mr. Farley indicate the method?"

"No."

"Have you a copy of the by-laws of your company?"

Tom produced the packet of papers he had carried with him, and the attorney, handing to the required pamphlet to the Mr. Crowell.

"H'm—ha! the usual form. A stockholder's meeting, with a resolution, would be the simplest way out of it; but that can't be held without the published call. You say your father is a stockholder?"

"He has four hundred and three of the original one thousand shares. I hold his proxy."

The attorney smiled shrewdly.

"You are a very remarkable young man. You seem to have come prepared at all points."

The conference in Room 327, Fifth Avenue Hotel, held while the carriage was waiting for the steamer party to the pier, was brief and businesslike. Something to Tom's surprise, Major Dabney was present; and a little later learned, wisely, that the Major was also a minority stockholder in the moribund Chiawasse Consolidated. The master of Deer Trace was as gracious to Caleb Gordon's son as only a Dabney knew how to be.

"Nothing could give me greater pleasure, my dear boy, than this plan of having your father in command at Gordon's," he beamed, shaking Tom's hand effusively. "I hope you'll have us all made millionaires when we get back home again. I do, for a fact, suit."

Tom smiled and shook his head.

"It looks pretty black, just now, Major. I'm afraid we're in for rough weather."

The leave-takings were brief, and somewhat constrained, save those of the general Major. Tom pleaded business, further business, with his attorney, when the Major would have him wait to tell the ladies good-by; hence he saw no more of the tourists after the conference broke up.

Not to lose time, Tom took a noon train back to Boston, first wiring his father to try and keep things in order at Gordon's for another week at all hazards. Winning his way to the school, he plunged once more into the examination whirlpool, doing his best to forget Chiawasse Consolidated and his mortal sickness for the time being, and succeeding so well that he passed with colors flying.

But the school task done, he turned down the old lead, pasting it firmly in place. Telegraphing his father to meet him, on the morning of the third day following, at the station in South Treadwell, he allowed himself a few hours for a run up the North Shore and a conference with the Michigan iron king; after which he turned his face southward and was soon speeding to the water-field through the pine and time shaking to its industrial foundations in the throes of the panic earthquake.

CHAPTER XV.

As early as 1 o'clock in the afternoon, the elder Helgeson, acting as gate watchman at the iron-works, had opened the great yard gates, and the men began to gather by twos and threes and in little caucusing knots on the sand floor of the huge, iron-roofed building. Some of the skippers heeded not to work making seats of wooden flask frames and bottom boards; and in the pouring space fronted by the cupolas they built a rough-and-ready platform out of the same materials.

As the numbers increased the men fell into groups, dividing into the color-line, and then by trades, with the white miners in the majority and doing most of the talking.

"What's all this buzzin' about young Tom?" queried one of the men in the miners' caucus. "Might nigh every other word with old Caleb was, 'Tom, my son, Tom.' Why, I holloed him when he was a no more'n knee-high to a hop-toad!"

"Well, you bet your life he's a heap higher'n that now," said another, who had been the status quo of the old man's life. "He's a head taller than the old man, an' built like a 'Maid'! He's a head taller than the old man, an' built like a 'Maid'! He's a head taller than the old man, an' built like a 'Maid'!"

How Ardea, a factory girl's feel about the marriage question?

Rather dubious. All in all, they consider matrimony a profound failure. So far as it can determine, only three of them in every ten believe that more marriages turn out happily than unhappily.

But there is another question about which many seem to be still more dubious. That is the question of staying single.

"Marry?"

Helen D. burst for a moment into cynical laughter. Then the merry lines came back around her mouth.

"Why, I'd marry anyone to get out of this."

She was just seventeen and small for her age, but her features looked twenty-seven. She was stooped and coughed incessantly, and her worn little hands would not be still.

A Cynical Statesman.

The saying that "all men have their price" is ascribed to Sir Robert Walpole. While speaking of a faction in parliament which bitterly opposed some of his measures he said, "You see with what zeal and vehemence these gentlemen oppose me, and yet I know the price of every man in this house except three."

Of some who called themselves patriots he said, "Patriotism is a disease of the mind. I have raised many in one night. 'Tis but to refuse an unreasonable demand and up springs a patriot."

The Yell Did It.

"Your boy is home from college, I see."

"Yes."

"Sick?"

"Yell was too much for him, I suppose."—Yonkers Statesman.

Didn't Follow Directions.

"Butin seems rather sore on you, old man."

"I told him to go and take a back seat."

"And he took affront, eh?"—Boston Transcript.

A rapid growth of the finger nails is considered to indicate good health.

off; I can't, for one. And that's why we are here this afternoon. Chiawasse can be in again and stay in blast if we've all got more enough to hang on. If we start up and go on making pig, it'll be on a dead market and we'll have to sell it at a loss or stick it in the yards. We can't do that, first, and I needn't tell you that it is going to take a mighty long purse to do the stacking. It will be all outgo and no income."

"Spit it out," called Ludlow, from the forefront of the miners' division. "I reckon we all know what's comin'."

"It's a case of half a loaf or no bread. If Chiawasse blows in again, it will be on borrowed money. If you men will take half-pay in cash and half in promises, the promised half to be paid when we can sell the stacked pig, we go on. If not, we don't. Talk it over among yourselves and let us have your decision."

There was hot caucusing and a fair imitation of pandemonium on the foundry floor following this bomb-throwing, and Tom sat down on the edge of the platform to give the men time. Caleb Gordon sat within arm's reach, nursing his knee, diligently saying nothing. It was Tom, undoubtedly, but a Tom who was not a Tom, and a Tom who was not a Tom, a never world than the one the ex-artilleryman knew and lived in. He—Caleb—had freely predicted a riot as the result of the half-pay proposal, yet Tom had applied the match and there was no explosion. The buzzing, arguing groups were not riotous—only fiercely questioning.

(To be continued.)

## THE RED DAD OF DEATH.

Tragic Mark on the Steel Skeleton of the Skyscraper.

"See that big blob of scarlet paint!" said the engineer as he pointed to a girder high up in the skeleton of the new skyscraper. "That red spot means that one of the men working on the building was killed by the girder he was on."

The visitor craned his neck and saw a rough patch of vermilion paint on one of the floor girders up on the sixteenth story. "It must be a dangerous place," he said to his engineering friend.

"Yes. Those men up there are working under the chance of instant death at any moment. They'll walk along the topmost girder, 300 feet above the sidewalk—a little path of slippery iron five inches wide—and will lean out against the wind. You or I couldn't do it for a second."

"Now and again there's an accident. A chap slips. A worker gets hit by a swinging girder and flung off. Another man takes an incautious step and falls off into eternity. The men working near by do their best to get at him if he manages to grab the girder he's falling from, and there are some swift and reckless races with death to get to their comrades at any cost in the five or ten seconds allowed them while strong fingers are slipping away from a slippery beam flange. If the worst happens the man falls in spite of their efforts, then they apply the dab of red paint, and the ironworkers call it a day. They don't speak much of the man that is gone, as a rule. He's soon forgotten. The men consider it fate."

"You'd think, by the way," went on the engineer, "that the higher up these men worked the more careful they'd become. They aren't particularly careful, but they do guard against the hypnotism of height. One of the men working on a high girder gets paralyzed now and again by a sudden fear that holds him motionless and still on his iron beam."

"The men look out for this sort of thing, and the remedy is to distract his attention by a rough blow on the back or in some cases by exciting him to anger through any means in their power. When the man gets fighting and he is freed from the paralysis of terror or whatever you may choose to call it. He gets up from his girder to make a rush for the other fellow to do him up, and the moment he is safe he is restrained by the other men."

What a run there is in the skyscraper framework," concluded the engineer, "each dab of scarlet paint on the iron means that some man has come to his death. Every skyscraper and every bridge is the monument to some little group of unknown workers, laboring at dizzy heights and dallying with sudden death as part of their day's work."

—New York Press.

## Marriage Her Only Recourse.

In factories of the lower type the girl operative is almost certain of disaster, and the man gets fighting and he is freed from the paralysis of terror or whatever you may choose to call it. He gets up from his girder to make a rush for the other fellow to do him up, and the moment he is safe he is restrained by the other men."

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—New York Press.

## Movement is reversed.

That a steady current of air is kept up as long as the chair is moving.

It is a matter of common observation how a turn in fresh air often has the effect of stimulating the activity of the mind as well as of the body. Yet, Allen H. Richards at the recent meeting of the American chemical association, said there are few parts of the borderland of science less known than that which pertains to the air we breathe. The proper ventilation of rooms preserves a still unaltered problem, not theoretically, but practically.

What is "fresh air" for one and a "draft" for another, and the problem is to reconcile both. Heat and humidity are the most dangerous products of still life, and the mixing in of fresh air is a prime necessity. For this purpose of a window opened on the contrary side of the room than one raised a foot at the bottom.

## Device for Sterilizing Water.

An apparatus for sterilizing water has recently been put on the market in France, in which ozone is used to destroy the bacteria. The ozone is generated by means of electrical charges, and the gas is introduced into the water by means of an aspirator.

The ozone is led into a mixing tube screwed to the water faucet, and the water is forced by a small pump through several compartments, so that it is divided into a number of fine jets. In this way an intimate mixture of the gas and water is obtained. The device is so arranged that the ozone is generated only when the faucet is opened.

## Inflate Automobile Tires.

To inflate automobile tires with a minimum of effort there has been brought out a tank to be carried on a car to receive a portion of the exploded gases from the engine, which these are compressed and may be turned into the tire through a flexible tube.

## Odd Superstitions.

There is a popular tradition that lightning will not kill anyone who is asleep. According to one school, the splinters of a tree struck by lightning are an infallible specific for the toothache. An amusing superstition used to be cherished by the boys of a Yorkshire village, who believed that if they mentioned the lightning immediately after a flash the seat of their trousers would be torn out. No boy is to be induced to make the experiment.

## Scotland's Bank.

Scotland has a system of eight banks with 12,000 branches.

## Peking's Water System.

China's capital, Peking, has supplied the sanitary wells with a thoroughly modern waterworks system, including a filtration plant.

## Trees in New Brunswick.

New Brunswick has about 8,000,000 acres of fir, spruce and pine.

## Walnuts From France.

From the Bordeaux district of France 19,500,000 pounds of walnuts were exported during the fall season of 1905.

# SCIENCE AND INVENTION

## CLOUDS TO PREDICT WEATHER.

Forecasts Made by Dr. A. de Quervain of Zurich, Are of Unmistakable Scientific Importance.

Cloud weather forecasts made by Dr. A. de Quervain of Zurich are of the utmost scientific and practical importance. His deductions are based on the familiar cumulus and of warm summer days. When reaching heights of six or seven miles it becomes a trundle cloud. The high floating top assumes the shape of a fleecy ice needle cloud and extends sideways in anvil shape. The ordinary cumulus cloud undergoes similar transformations at a level of three to four miles, and so does not lead to the formation of thunder storms but merely to the production of fleecy clouds.

This sort of cloud can be regarded as a presage of good weather. The well known fleecy clouds have not been sufficiently explained. Often they encompass the top of a quickly rising cumulus cloud, and until recently were thought to be instrumental in the production of hail. They are always found to be intimately connected with the existing fleecy clouds, and on the other hand, preceding weather, occurring previous to thunder storms.

Even such reliable presages of thunder storms are the remarkably delicate varieties of fleecy clouds which are mostly found floating about the tops of cumulus clouds. These are supposed delicate white clouds. These lofty curly heads, generally in the morning, signify a thunder storm within twenty-four hours. By balloon ascents it was found that the occurrence of these clouds coincided with a violent drop in the temperature.

## MECHANICAL FAN ON CHAIR.

Each Movement of Rocker Serves to Make Drive Revolve by Means of Gearing.

There are several kinds of chair fans, but almost if not quite all of them are of the sort that waves a palm-leaf fan over the head. An Ohio man has invented a revolving fan in connection with a rocking chair that seems to be an improvement on all of them. This revolving fan is held over the head of the person sitting in the chair by means of a curved metal support. Running down the back of the chair is a driving shaft which connects with a speed gearing under the seat. There are two gearings, a winding shaft and clutch and a ratchet, the last named operated by rock arms pivoted to one of the rockers of the chair. As the chair rocks forward the ratchet is moved one way and turns the revolving fan in one direction, and when the chair rocks backward the ratchet is turned in the opposite direction and the whole

operating the plunger for each piece of beef, the device is arranged to take a number of layers of beef, which are separated by disks of corrugated and perforated metal, as shown in the cross sectional view, says Scientific American. The press is provided with a spout at one side, through which the juice is drained out into a cup or bowl. After the plunger has been forced down the press may be hung up on a nail, allowing the beef juice to drain out thoroughly.

## SCIENTIFIC NOTES.

The surface of the earth is said to be 196,971,954 square miles. It is said by anatomists that people hear better with their mouths open.

The average hen will lay 400 eggs, nearly one-half of them in her third year.

A watch ticks 167,680,000 times in a year, and the wheels travel 3,558 miles.

Almost any flower can be bleached white by exposure to the fumes of sulphur.

It takes 7,000 tons of coal to bring one of the modern liners across the Atlantic.

Lavender and rose perfumes are credited with the virtue of being microbe killers.

Thirty-eight of every 1,000 Englishmen marry after they are more than 50 years old.

The earliest coinage that can be called American was struck off in Massachusetts in 1652.

Ten ships, each a century or more old, are still in active service in the Danish mercantile marine.

There are about 3,000 weddings every twenty-four hours, taking the entire world into consideration.

Experiments with the ultra-violet light appear to show that it is more effective for sterilizing liquids than ozone.

France has thirty-two miles of underground railways and the construction of twenty-three more miles has been authorized.

The amount of carbon exhaled from a man's lungs each day, if it could be solidified, would equal that in a lump of coal weighing half a ton.

Up to 1759 the chief water works of New York City was in Chatham street, now Park row. The water was carted about the city in casks and sold from carts.

High atmospheric pressure in the case of persons not doing manual labor has been found to act as a mental stimulus, increasing the impulse to talk.

Prof. Lowell announces that he has discovered a new canal 1,000 miles in length on Mars. The canal developed between May and September of last year.

It was so cold in New York part of the winter of 1779 that residents in the vicinity were compelled to cut down the tall trees that stood at what is now the head of Wall street to make kindling wood.

A French scientist has invented an apparatus for sterilizing water, which passes in it in spiral tubes around a long mercury vapor lamp, to utilize the bactericidal properties of the violet and ultra-violet rays.